

\$2.50 a year in advance

Bitter Sweet.

BY F. A. B.

The waning of the brightest stars, the

all lustre, the blighting of all beauty, types and characters are they all of the bitter and sweet chalice, the pain-blended joy, the illusive pleasures, which, ever carving out the destiny of our lives, make the world what it is.

As we look out upon the landscape almost any spring day, we see where broken clouds, sporting in the sunshine, reflect the scene before us with shifting shadows, chased by

fore us with shifting shadows chased by streaks of sunlight, only to be followed by other shadows floating on and on till distance blends them into one; like broken clouds in May-day sun are the common accidents of

are but monuments, only recording for us the universal psalm of life, striking the key-note of which draws in all the chords of each individual existence and attunes them to one concordant strain. They speak of the stolen "Penates" of hope and love supplanted by the skeleton of disappointment and doubt; recalling our ascent up the rugged steep of

tribution, when for one brief turning aside into some bower of pleasure we lost "the peace of years seeking after the rapture of moments." We never found "him" without "Marah;" we blindly stretched forth our hands for the "grapes of Eschol," and wandered into the "valley of Baca," while

the recurrence of each new tragedy, of events only mirrors those preceding, until the darkness of the "It might have been" becomes submerged in the dawn of the Actual and Present, and the memory of yesterday becomes the experience of to-day. Daily we pluck the deceitful "apples of Sodom," always hoping, always striving, we are just as surely, always disappointed and baffled, nothing

The theme of life's conflicts is an exhaustless as are the many foes which constantly throng our pathway for contest, and till we with hearts attuned to the divine harmony of truth shall accept the message of the Just, which, from the sacred shores of *Gennesareth*, reverberating on the surrounding

"What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." Then in the vast forests of our unrest, blighted by the record of our griefs and exiled hopes, we shall not listen for birds in vain nor shall the rainbow be less bright because gloriously built up of tears.

Sweet are the uses of adversity, welcomed it is the spring enlivening my which vivifies and ennobles the whole of our life.

"Plunged in the flame, tempered in the firebrook, polished by long attention must the blade be erud it may receive the tool of the graver," or from the jeweled hilt flash back in the victorious sunlight a tale of vanquished thousands.

But there are nooks and dells where the broad sunlight never comes, where it is neither the blinding darkness of the night or the dazzling glory of the noonday; there are cathedrals where the mellow constant light streams through the painted windows and, broken by the fretted walls and ceiling, falls upon upturned eyes of devoted worshippers with hallowed radiance, where the ever-

burning taper emblems the dimly defined yet ever-present Holy One; there are like streaks in our lives too terrible to be called sunlight, too inspiring to be called darkness, too mighty in their half unseen radiance to be called fleeting; they are retreats of memory shadowed by cathedral lights; when we enter there no calamity is so great as to make the light of day diminish the light of the hour.

At night, no glimmering hope enters but it comes subdued to the mellowness of the meter-varying shade; the light of these scenes will never become darkness, while memory lasts, perhaps so long as we have but earthly vision; but it is better to have such grottoes not built by furies of the imagination, but in the stormy conflicts of life, than that all our history should be like a fickle April day.

Unite and Organize.

Since the ratification of the fifteenth amendment to our national Constitution, which secured us in the exercise of the elective franchise—a freeman's proudest privilege—we have been segregated and divided up into every conceivable faction, and with faction leaders to every conceivable price, from one dollar up to one hundred, and perhaps more.

and one coming up to our standard, nothing has been accomplished by us that conduces in any degree toward our common elevation. There are many among us who have held themselves above all price; basing their whole political course upon the proud and dignified platform of principle. In this they have dignified themselves, and as far as their actions would go toward it, added dignity to their entire fellows. But what can the few accomplish as against the many?

We have been divided in God's sanctuary; we have been divided in the great temple which was erected as a monument to the fraternal love with which our hearts have been endowed, and which, when we have finished our career of usefulness to our brothers on earth, fits us for a habitation and fellowship in the greater temple above. We have permitted our outside duties to work into and find a place at our domestic firesides; and

what has been gained for us individually or in the body politic." Instead of exercising the elective franchise for the beneficent purpose for which it was intended—the enforcement of a "freeman's will"—we too often pervert it to base and selfish ends. We do not propose to arraign any one for the past, but only ask that all may unite and make one grand effort to redeem the past and illumine the future with the light and love of intelligent and fraternal cooperation for the common

"Father, did you ever have another wife besides mother?" "No, my boy; what possesses you to ask such a question?" "Because I saw in the old family Bible where you married Anna Domini, 1-8-40; and that isn't mother, for her name is Sally Smith."

[illegible]